

CONGRATULATORY
VERSES

TO

Edward Biddle, Gent.

Occasion'd by his

POEM

ON THE

Birth of the Young PRINCE.

With some REMARKS Critical, Hyper-
critical, Satyrical, and Panegyrical.

Senties qui simus. Terent.

By the OLD THREE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *James Knapton*, at the Crown in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; and Sold by *Stephen Kiblewhite*, Book-seller in OXFORD. 1718. Price Six-pence.



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THE
PREFACE.

THE seemingly whimsical
Name in the Title Page
of this Poem may with
good Reason make the Reader curious
to know, on what account We take
it upon us : Which We intend to
do with all the Brevity that's pos-
sible.

The Preface.

*The OLD THREE (call'd
so from their coming into the World
together at a Birth) are the Sons of
Gregory Pickle, Yeoman of Taun-
ton in Somerset-Shire; and were
born Oct. 14th. 1688. Our Mo-
ther, who was the only Daughter of
Abraham Muzzer, an eminent Bar-
ber in those Parts, dy'd in Child-bed
of us. Our Father was soon after
unfortunately crush'd to pieces in Har-
vest-time, by the overturning of his
own Waggon: and leaving us very
Young, and without any Thing to
subsist upon, We became a Burthen
to the Parish. But after some Time,
a worthy Neighbouring Gentleman;
who shall be nameless, and whom We
desire to accept of this small publick
Acknowledgment for all his Favours,
com-*

The Preface.

compassionated our Condition, and very hospitably receiv'd us into his Family. When we were about Ten Years of Age, he sent us all Three to an eminent School in London; where (in our own Opinion) we soon made a great Proficiency in Classsical Learning; and being puff'd up with Youthful Vanity, we resolv'd to leave School, and seek our Fortunes; which accordingly We did, Nov. 26. 1706. About this Time, after a long and warm Controversy between our selves, and one Aminadab Zeal, an eminent Teacher among the Quakers, we were forc'd to give up the Point, and accordingly chang'd our Habits. Aminadab was a Man of admirable good Sense, and so well vers'd in all parts of Learning, that we began to suspect, He was not really, what He appear'd

The Preface.

appear'd to be ; and we were confirm'd in it, by accidentally surprizing him one Morning, fumbling over his Beads, and paying his Devotion to an old, rusty Ten-penny Nail. At our Entrance into the Room, He was in some Confusion ; but after He had pretty well recover'd Himself, He plainly told us, That He was a Romish Emissary, Superiour of the Order of the Carmelites in France, that himself and some others of that Order in the same Disguise had lately made several Profelites ; but enjoin'd us Secrecy, with a Purse of 500 Guinea's. With this Money we made several Attempts to settle our selves in the World ; but meeting with frequent Disappointments, We, at last, by the Advice of some of our Friends, furnish'd our selves with
Three

The Preface.

Three Horses, a pair of Baggs, a Portmanteau, and a Trumpet: Our Remedies and our Letters Patent were of our own Preparation. Being thus equipp'd, We set out from London, and did incredible Service to all, who apply'd themselves to Us: By this means We contracted a vast Correspondence in all Parts of the Kingdom; which put us to such Expence, that having squander'd away a great Part of what We had got by our Practice, We judg'd it our best Way to sell our Horses, retire, and pass the Remainder of our Days in a private Life.

It woud be needless to give the Reader any farther Trouble at present, designing in a short Time to print Proposals for publishing by Subscription

The Preface.

*scription a full and impartial History
of our whole Lives, and all our Ad-
ventures, since our Father's Death,
in two Volumes in Folio; Which is
already in great Forwardness.*



Con-





Congratulatory V E R S E S

T O

Edward Biddle, Gent.

FROM *Isis* Banks THREE kindred
 (Bards unknown
 Greet thee in Numbers, artless as thy own;

Resolv'd, like thee, to publish what they write,

* Nor yet expect to get a Farthing by't:

Unshaken in Their *Loyalty*, the same,

Fondly, like Thee, they hunger after Fame,

Their Bosoms glowing with an equal Flame.

* Vide Mr. Biddle's Preface.

Let others stain with letter'd Pride the Bays,
 And trick with labour'd Charms their gorgeous Lays;
 To strength of Thought let others make Pretence:
 WE shine in Dulness, unallay'd with Sense.
 So *Glow-worms* take their Lustre from the Night,
 Which disappears with the first dawning Light.

Once on a Time the Youthful God of Song,
Apollo, thus bespoke his menial Throng:

" Let no dull Mediums e're debase your Theme,

" Aspire, in all you write, to one Extreme;

" Thro' all your Numbers this great Precept keep,

" Or let them boldly soar, or humbly creep:

But both Extremes in BIDDLE'S Verse are
 (found—
 Hark! how He creeps in SENSE, and soars in
 (SOUND!

Sound

*Sound, sound, ye blessed Britains, sing aloud,
 And send Io Pæans far above the Cloud:
 To us this Day is born, a Son is given;
 Strike on your Harps, ye Sons of Earth and Heaven,
 A Royal little One, a beauteous Boy:
 O sound, sound forth your everlasting Joy.
 Hark! 'tis the roaring Guns from th' Tower sent,
 Ha! look, look up, see here, the Firmament
 In spreading Colours from the Flames proclaim,
 The Peoples New-born Joy, and England's Fame.
 Sweet are the Hollows and melodious Cries:
 O Gods! the sounding Bells will rend the Skies.*

*Nor with less Lustre does thy Drama shine,
 D'urfey and Settle breath in ev'ry Line:*

Inly

Inly we mourn'd the vicious, tasteless Age,
 And curs'd the deaf, inhospitable *Stage* :
 No kind *Mæcena's* the starv'd Muse requites
 For all Her foodless Days, and sleepless Nights ;
 No *Brother-Wit* applauds thy loyal Strains,
 But Infamy alas! rewards thy Pains!
 Ev'n ADDISON, for Candour known so long,
 * Rejects thy *hapless, helpless, hopeless* Song ;
 And TICKELL, if the Muse aright presage,
 Will grudge, unrighteous Bard! His Patronage.

Could Father *Mævius* quit the frosty Urn,
 And *Bavius* for a while to Life return ;
 Could *Ogleby* his icy Fetters break,
 And *Withers* from the Tyrant Dust awake :

* Vide Mr. Biddle's Preface.]

How would the good old Bards rejoice to see
 Their *Genius* and their *Art* reviv'd in THEE?
 How would They Smile, when wond'ring They
 Their own *divine* Stupidity excell'd?
 (beheld
 And see! methinks the laurel'd *Shades* arise!
 (Death's iron Slumber shaking from their Eyes)
 Immortal Dulness on each Brow appears,
 And these faint Accents seem to reach our Ears.

" Thou last, and dearest of our num'rous
 (Race,
 " In whom the Image of our selves we trace,
 " Accept the Tribute of our hearty Thanks,
 " And of your *Brethren* on the *Stygian* Banks;
 " From whence, to hail thy Virgin Muse, we
 (came,
 " And the first Glories of thy op'ning Name.]

" While

- " To the starch'd *Pleader*, and the grave *Divine*
 " Leave it in stubborn *Argument* to shine ;
 " Let HOADLY, in Debate profoundly read,
 " The mazy Path of Controversy tread,
 " And with the forceful Dint of nervous Prose,
 " Baffle whole *Synods*, and a Cloud of Foes ;
 " While thro' each weighty Page, divinely
 " *Logic* Her Art, and *Reason* lends Her Light :
 " The *Poet* a quite diff'rent End pursues,
 " Sublime on *sounding* Pinions tow'rs the Muse ;
 " In splendid, swelling Phrase his Talent lies,
 " To wrap up Nonsense in fallacious Guise ;
 " Melodious Words in jingling Chains to bind,
 " To please the Fancy, not affect the Mind :

" Metre

- " Metre and Sense at once ! absurd and vain !
 " What Mortal can such arduous Height attain ?
 " But here alas ! how many are to blame !
 " How few like THEE by Dulness rise to Fame !
 " Soon as *Thou* tak'st an *Heliconian* Swill,
 " Heroick Nonfence rushes from thy Quill.
 " Well-pleas'd we saw the Muse sublimely rise,
 " Wrapt in Her Flight, and tow'ring to the
 " Each golden Line in *Runick* Fetters bound, (Skies;
 " And clad in all the Pomp of empty Sound :
 " With so much Easiness thy Numbers flow,
 " They cause not in thy Breast one painful
 " Such pregnant Marks are seen, in all you've (Throw;
 " Of *Belgic* Learning, and *Hybernian* Wit. (writ,

" But

“ But cease, advent’rous Youth! oh! cease to
 “ The *Brunswick* Progeny, and *Britain’s* King; (sing

“ Let other, far less glorious Themes be found,

“ Nor rashly tread on this forbidden Ground :

“ In *Madrigal* thy tender Genius try,

“ Or gentle *Sonnet*, or soft *Elegy* ;

“ Or, if you would on bolder Pinions soar,

“ Write still more Plays—but write of Kings
 (no more.

“ Unhappy *Prince!* born to be maul’d in
 (Rhime,
 “ And usher’d into Life with fustian Chime !

“ Who, when grown ripe with Age for War’s
 (Alarms,

“ Shall lead *Britannia’s* Legions forth to Arms ;

“ The Royal Youth, inspir’d with Thirst of
 (Fame,

“ Amongst our Heroes shall enroll His Name ;

“ C The

" The *Danube* and the *Rhine* shall own His Sway,

" * The Limits of the World—as *Poets* say.

" Tho' squeamish *Wits*, the Locusts of the
(Town,

" The first-born Labours of the Muse disown;

" Tho' the proud *Actor*, jealous of thy Lays,

" Coldly upon thy Hands returns thy Plays:

" Yet still write on; nor in thy Way to Fame,

" Fear ought, which may Eclipse thy rising
(Name;

" Nor, tho' in *Drury lane* you fail, despair

" At *Windmill-hill* to shine, and *Southwark* Fair;

" There let thy buskin'd Emperors appear,

" By clapping Cits applauded once a Year.

" Expect a Round of more impartial Days,

" Which shall refund your full Arrears of Praise;

* Vide Mr. Biddle's Poem, page 7.

" When

" When from their Cobwebs all our Works shall
 " No longer doom'd to *Grocers*, and Min'd-pyes; (rise,
 " At *Tonson's* draw the Eyes of all that pass,
 " And proudly glitter thro' the Chrystal Glass.
 " Let *Dennis* snarl, and Nature boast her Spight,
 " Maugre both Nature, and the *Critick* write—
 Thus spoke the Rev'rend Bards, and sunk to Night.

Forgive the Muse, if anxious for thy Praise
 She follows Fancy thro' Her wanton Maze;
 And from the Tomb bids the wak'd Dead arise,
 To own that Worth, which living Men despise.

Nor blush, O! Laurel'd Youth! if, thro' our
 Haply some faint and glimm'ring *Meaning* pierce; (Verse

Or,

Or, if You ought should spy, save Sound and
(Rhime,
Pardon for once th' involuntary Crime ;

A Crime, which wayward Nature may atone ;

For wayward Nature is to *Thinking* prone ;

And often as We write, some Random Beam

Of Light breaks thro' the Gloom, and mars the
(Theme,

Of Nonsense You alone maintain the Sway,

Nor will thy Night admit one Glimpse of Day ;

But few in Dulness may contend with THEE,

For few are gifted in the same Degree ;

Ev'n WE to thy superior Genius yield,

And Taverner himself must quit the Field :

For bluffs O ! Launch'd Youth ! if, thro' our

(Verse)

slightly some hint and glimmering pleasing piece ;

Accept

Accept our Mite, the Squeezings of our Brain,
And add THREE Poets to the Muse's Train.

Compos'd by The OLD THREE,

December 19.
1717.



PREFACE.

Accept our Mite, the Spoilings of our Brain,
And add THREE Poets to the Muse's Train.

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PREFACE.



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PREFACE.

MR. *Biddle's* Poem being the first of the Sort, that ever yet appear'd in Publick, in our humble Opinion it seems to require a farther Illustration, than those few References He has made at the Bottom of each Page: Which References being only explanatory of the Sense, (where, in His Judgment, it seems obscure;) We hope, he'll pardon us, if for the Farther

ther Satisfaction of His Readers,
 We shall add a Few Remarks
 of our Own, and shew in several
 Passages, what Authors (We
 judge) He had in View.

PREFACE

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 ther

Page 3, Line 3.

Throw by thy meaner Thoughts, that long have
To give The Room for this important Day. (lay,

A very happy Imitation of *Virgil's* 4th Eclogue,
 line 1st.

Si celides, Musæ, paulò majora cana mus.

Page 4, Line 1st.

————— *And take Icaru's Wings.*

Poetical Licence,

Page Ditto, L. 6th.

————— *Here, Boy, that Quill ;*

The Penknife too, you little prating Elf ;

Thy Joy and mine runs quite beyond it Self :

Some Paper quick — In Transports now I think ;

Therelieve me now — Hold, prithee fetch the

(Ink.
 We

We can't but take notice, that Mr. *Biddle* still remembers the old Precept in *Qui mibi* ;

Scalpellum, Calami, Atramentum, Charta, Li-
(belli ;
Sint semper Studiis Arma parata tuis.

Page Ditto, Line 13.

Whoever calls, say I am not at Home.

Query, whether Mr. *Biddle* was afraid of Duns ?

Page Ditto, Line ult.

Nor can I tell my self my Thoughts so roam.

We should have guess'd as much, if you had not told us so.

Page 5. L. 2.

Tell 'em, who e'er they are, I'm gone to Heav'n.

The OLD THREE desire to be inform'd,
whether the Poet does not mean *Fool's Paradise*.

Page

Page Ditto, L. 4.

Now sweet my Muse——

Observe how artfully He wheedles his Muse.

Page Ditto, L. 10.

The God of Sleep shall wake, and with His Lead

Strike up a Tune of Joy to rouse the Dead.

Rare Musick, no Doubt ! upon a *Leaden* Instrument ! We more than suspect, that Mr. *Biddle's* Lyre is made of the same Metal.

Page 8. L. 11.

Here the unerring Thought may think Secure.

The Poet seems here to own *Infallibility* ; We hope, He is not a *Papist* in Disguise.

Page

Page 9. L. 3.

*Another Branch to view the World appears,
And gives a Prospect of more happy Tears.*

In Allusion to several Passages in *Virgil's 4th Eclogue.*

Page Ditto, L. 9.

*With loyal Blasts make you the Palace ring.
If By loyal Blasts The Poet means Huzza's, he is
desir'd to remember, that the Court is no Bear-
Garden.*

Page Ditto, L. 10.

Congratulate the Babe —
Alluding to a Custom among the Ancients.

Page

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Page 10

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Page 10. L. 1.

*So the blest'd Princess, rising in her Charms,
Pressing the Royal Infant in her Arms,
His Innocence and Smiles drive Cares away,
And shew the Prospect of a Happy Day.*

The Beauty of this Simile lies in the admirable
Connexion it has with the former part of the
Paragraph.

Page 10. L. 9.

His every Feature shews the Royal Line.
Did you ever see Him, Ned Biddle ?

Page ult.

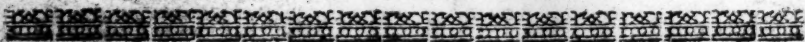
Compos'd by Mr. Edward Biddle, November
the 4th 1717.

A very handsome *Exit*! We do not Doubt, but
He had in His Eye that of *Ovid*,

Jamq; Opus exegi, &c.



F I N I S.



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